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EAST COAST #11



RCP HAUNT #1



RCP HAUNT #2



RCP HAUNT #3



RCP HAUNT #4



RCP HAUNT #5



EAST COAST #12

RCP CRYPT #1 CRYPT 31 (1952) CRIME 12 (1952)	#2 CRYPT 34 (1952) CRIME 16 (1952)	#3 CRYPT 34 (1951) CRIME 21 (1954)	#4 CRYPT 43 (1954) CRIME 18 (1953)	#5 CRYPT 32 (1952) CRIME 20 (1954)	#6 CRYPT 36 (1953) CRIME 8 (1951)
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RCP HAUNT #1 HAUNT 14 (1952) W FAN 13 (1952)	#2 HAUNT 16 (1953) W FAN 14 (1952)	#3 HAUNT 19 (1953) W FAN 16 (1953)	#4 HAUNT 15 (1952) W FAN 15 (1952)	#5 HAUNT 27 (1954) W FAN 22 (1953)	#12 SHOCK 2 (1952) 32 page issue

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ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!



NO. 2  
FEB



150  
190  
CANADA

# WEIRD

## SCIENCE-FANTASY



# ...FOR POSTERITY

THE BLAZING DESERT SUN HAD FINALLY DROPPED BEHIND THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN RANGE IN THE WEST AND THE STARS HAD BEGUN TO BLINK ON LIKE DISTANT DIAMOND-LIGHTS IN THE DARKENING SKY. THE TWO YOUNG PROSPECTORS HAD RETURNED TO THEIR CAMP SITE, LAID THEIR GEIGEN-COUNTERS BESIDE THEIR KNAPSACKS, AND EATEN THEIR CANNED SUPPER IN SILENCE. NOW THEY CRAWLED WEARILY INTO THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, THEIR TIRED MUSCLES THROBBING FROM HIKING MILES OVER THE ROCKY AND NEW MEXICO BAD LANDS, SEARCHING FOR CIVILIZATION'S MODERN GOLD, SEARCHING FOR URANIUM...

G'NIGHT, MARTY. MAYBE...  
YAWN... MAYBE WE'LL HAVE  
BETTER LUCK...  
TOMORROW!

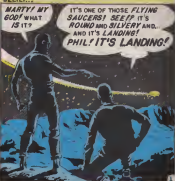
YEAH... SURE... AN' MAYBE  
WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER  
DAY LIKE TODAY. NOT A  
TICK! NOT A SQUANK  
FROM THE COUNTERS...



THEY LAY ON THEIR BACKS, FEELING THE CHILLY NIGHT BREEZE STIR AND SWEEP ACROSS THE DESERT THAT ONLY HOURS BEFORE HAD BAKED UNDER A RELENTLESS SUN. THEY STARED UP AT THE MILLIONS OF STARS AND FELT THEIR EXHAUSTED BODIES RELAX AND THEIR TIRED EYELIDS GROW HEAVY AND SLEEP CREEP IN OVER THEM WITH THE COOLING BREEZE. THEN...



IT SHOT ACROSS THE DESERT HEAVENS NOISELESSLY, SPITTING A TRAIL OF WHITE FLAME AND ORANGE SPARKS. THEY SAT UP, RUBBING THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF...



AS THEY WATCHED, THE BLEAKING FLAMING OBJECT  
SWERVED, VEERED EARTHWARD, AND DISAPPEARED OVER  
A CREST OF ROCKS AND CACTUS-STUDDED SAND...



IT WENT DOWN  
OUT THERE...

IT'S ONLY ABOUT  
A MILE AWAY!  
C'MON!

THE BLEAKING DISC-SHAPED SHIP RESTED  
SILENTLY IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCORCHED AREA.  
A PORT IN ITS SILVERY ALLOY HULL WAS OPEN  
AND AN ORANGE GLOW FINGERED OUT ACROSS  
THE SAND TOWARD THEM...



BETTER BE CAREFUL,  
MARTY!  
DUCK DOWN,  
TILL WE SEE WHAT  
COMES OUT!

BOY! WOULD I LIKE  
TO GET A CLOSE  
LOOK AT THAT BABY!  
BHE'S MAGNIFICENT!

THEY SCRAMBLED ACROSS THE SAND STILL WARM FROM  
THE HEAT OF THE DAY. THEY STUMBLED AND FELL, ROSE  
AND FLOODED ON, DODGEDLY CHASING THE BREATHOKING  
CRAFT ON ACHING LEGS THAT CRIED FOR REST. AND  
FINALLY THEY REACHED THE CREST...



LOOK! THERE  
IT IS!

LORD! IT'S... IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL!

THEY SQUATTED BEHIND A ROCK  
FORMATION, WAITING WITH BATED  
BREATH FOR SOMETHING TO  
EMERGE FROM THE OPEN PORT.  
MINUTES PASSED. AN HOUR. THE  
ORANGE GLOW BECKONED...

MAYBE WHATEVER  
CAME IN THE  
SHIP IS OUT  
LOOKING  
AROUND!

C'MON!  
LET'S SNEAK  
DOWN AND  
TAKE A  
PEEK!



THEY MOVED STEALTHILY...  
LIKE CATS... DARTING ACROSS  
THE BLACKENED AREA TO THE  
OPEN PORT...

EITHER WE'LL BE  
KILLED IN THE  
ATTEMPT, OR  
WE'RE GOING TO  
BE THE FIRST  
HUMAN BEINGS  
TO SEE THE  
INSIDE OF ONE  
OF THEM THINGS.

PHIL!  
WHAT IF  
NOBODY'S  
AROUND.  
SUPPOSE...  
SUPPOSE WE  
COULD  
CAPTURE  
IT?



ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW  
WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT  
TO DO? THAT THING  
IS PROBABLY SO COM-  
PLICATED. YOU'D  
WRECK IT TRYING!  
YOU'D...

COMPLICATED? LOOK!  
THERE ISN'T AN INSTRU-  
MENT IN IT! THE  
THING IS BARE...



THEY CLIMBED INTO THE SPONGY BARREN INTERIOR OF THE  
DISC-SHAPED CRAFT...PEERING ABOUT...PERPLEXED...

WELL, NOW IN BLAZES DOES  
IT GO? HOW DO YOU DRIVE  
THIS THING? NOTHIN' BUT  
THIS SOFT PADDING  
ALL AROUND!

BEATS ME! UNLESS...  
GOOD LORD! LOOK!  
THE PORT... IT'S  
CLOSING!



THEY RUSHED TO THE PORT...TOO LATE. IT CLANGED SHUT SAVAGELY. SOMEWHERE WITHIN IT, A BOLT CLICKED...



AND THEN, DEEP WITHIN THE SPONGY PADDED WALLS, A HUMMING BEGAN, GROWING LOUDER...



THE CRAFT SPIRALED UPWARD, FLINGING THEM AGAINST THE PADDED WALLS WHERE THEY HUNG UNSUP-PORTED, LIKE HUMAN PENNANTS...



THE SPINNING BLACKNESS CAME AND WENT AND THEY AWOKE TO FIND THEMSELVES FLOATING LAZLY WITHIN THE CIRCULAR AREA OF THE HUMMING CRAFT...



AND THEN, AFTER A WHILE, THE STAR-SYSTEMS FADED TOO, AND THE SHAPE OF THE GALAXY RECEDED UNTIL IT WAS ONLY A SPIRAL MIST IN AN INFINITE GULF OF BLACK...



THEY WATCHED WITH A CURIOUS, YET TERRORIZED FASCINATION AS TINY EARTH FADED UNTIL IT WAS ONLY A PIN-POINT OF LIGHT AND THE DISTANT SUN FADED AFTER IT AND THEY FINALLY REALIZED...



DEEP WITHIN THE PADDED WALLS, RELAYS CLICKED. THE SHIP SEEMED TO SUDDENLY STOP SPINNING. FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE TWO MEN JUST HUNG THERE...WAITING...AND THEN...



...THE FLASH! IT FILLED THE SHIP...WHITE...BLINDING... 3

THEY SAT ON THE SPONGE FLOOR OF THEIR CIRCULAR PRISON, RUBBING THEIR EYES...THE MEN, THEY FELT THE GENTLE BUMP AS THE SHIP TOUCHED...CAME TO REST...



WE'RE LANDING!

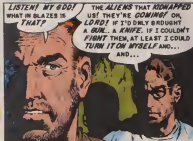
WE'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! TAKEN TO AN ALIEN PLANET! THEY'LL PROBABLY WANT TO STUDY US... EXAMINE US...DISSECT US!

THEY PEERED THROUGH THE CIRCULAR WINDOW AT THE SCREAMING, SHRIEKING ALIENS CHARGING TOWARD THEM...

MARTY! LOOK! HOLY JUMPING... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? THOUSANDS OF WOMEN!



THE HUMMING STOPPED. THE SHIP WAS DOWN. AND THEN THE MEN HEARD ANOTHER SOUND, THE SHRILL SCREAMING COMING TOWARD THEM...THE HIGH PITCHED BLOOD-CURLING SQUEALING...



LISTEN! MY GOD! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?

THE ALIENS THAT KIDNAPPED US! THEY'RE COMING! OH, LORD! IF I'D ONLY BROUGHT A GUN... A KNIFE. IF I COULDN'T FIGHT THEM, AT LEAST I COULD TURN IT ON MYSELF AND... AND...

THE PORT SWUNG OPEN. THEY STEPPED OUTSIDE. THE ALIENS STOPPED COMING. THEY BACKED OFF, TITTERING...



THEY'RE... THEY'RE AFRAID OF US, MARTY!

LOOK AT 'EM, PHIL! GORGEOUS! PORCENOUS DOLLS... EVERY ONE OF 'EM! AND YOU WANTED TO KILL YOURSELF.

BEYOND THE WIDE EYED FRIGHTENED ALIENS, A GLEAMING CITY ROSE, POINTING SHINING SPIRES TO THE SKY. THE TWO MEN GRINNED...MOVED FORWARD. SOMEWHERE, ONE OF THE FEMALE ALIENS SCREAMED...



STOP!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, MARTY?

THEY TALK ENGLISH!

AN OLDER ALIEN MOVED FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY...



DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! YOU ARE THE FIRST MEN WE HAVE EVER SEEN. THE OTHERS... THE YOUNGER ONES... ARE QUITE SHY!

WHY... WHY DID YOU KIDNAP US FROM OUR PLANET?

WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?

THE OLDER ALIEN, OBVIOUSLY THE QUEEN OR LEADER OF HER RACE, BECKONED TO THE TWO EARTHMEN...



IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME INTO OUR CITY, I WILL TELL YOU WHY YOU ARE HERE!

IT MAY BE A TRAP, MARTY!

GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS PHIL? WE MIGHT AS WELL PLAY ALONGS!

THEY WALKED BEHIND THE STATELY QUEEN, THE MOB OF GIGGLING ALIENS FOLLOWING AT A SAFE DISTANCE...

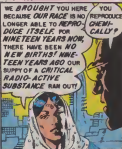


OUR RACE FACES THE DANGER OF EXTINCTION! ONLY YOU CAN SAVE IT. YOU ARE OUR ONLY HOPE...

EXTINCTION?

WHY?

THE ALIEN QUEEN'S VOICE WAS COLD AND IMPASSIVE AS SHE STARTED HER STORY...



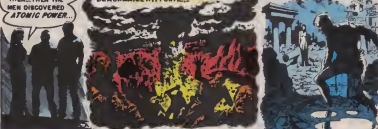
WE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE OUR RACE IS NO LONGER ABLE TO REPRODUCE ITSELF. FOR NINETEEN YEARS NOW, THERE HAVE BEEN NO NEW BIRTHS! NINETEEN YEARS AGO OUR SUPPLY OF A CRITICAL RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCE RAN OUT!

YOU REPRODUCE CHEMICALLY?

MANY CENTURIES AGO, WE REPRODUCED NORMALLY. THERE WERE MEN THEN, MEN LIKE YOU! BUT THEN... THEN THE MEN DISCOVERED ATOMIC POWER...

'THEY WERE LIKE CHILDREN WITH A NEW TOY. THEY PLAYED WITH IT... FOOLISHLY. THEY DEVELOPED ITS DESTRUCTIVE POWER RATHER THAN ITS CONSTRUCTIVE POWER. THEY USED ITS DESTRUCTIVE POWER AS A THREAT... A BLACKMAILER... UNTIL...'

'THEY STARTED AN ATOMIC WAR. WHEN IT WAS OVER, THERE WAS NOTHING BUT DEATH AND DESOLATION AND A FEW STRAGGLING SURVIVORS...'



'THEY WERE GOING TO REBUILD... BEGIN ANEW. BUT IT WAS SOON DISCOVERED THAT...'

THE ATOMIC RADIATIONS HAVE RENDERED THE MALES OF OUR POPULATION STERILE.

THE RACE IS DOOMED!



'NO NEW BIRTHS WERE RECORDED AFTER THE ATOMIC WAR. THOSE THAT SURVIVED GREW OLDER... AND OLDER. ALL HOPE OF PROPAGATING THE RACE WAS LOST. AND THEN A BRILLIANT WOMAN SCIENTIST ANNOUNCED...'

I HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCE IN THE CRATERS LEFT BY THE ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS... A NEW CATALYST THAT HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ONE OF MY FEMALE PATIENTS TO EFFECT THE REPRODUCTIVE METHOD KNOWN AS PARTHENOGENESIS...

SELF-FERTILIZATION!



THE YOUNGEST AND HEALTHIEST FEMALES LEFT ALIVE WERE GIVEN THIS NEW CATALYST THE HOPE FOR SURVIVAL RETURNED. AND THEN, THE CHILDREN WERE BORN, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, AGAIN AND AGAIN...



ANOTHER GIRL, DOCTOR!  
ALL GIRLS? NOT ONE MALE!  
OF COURSE! PARTHENOGENESIS WILL ONLY PRODUCE FEMALES!

THE CHEMICAL ARTIFICIALLY ACTIVATES THE OVUM. IN THE OLD DAYS, THE MALE SPERMS CONTAINED X OR Y SEX CHROMOSOMES. THE FEMALE OVUM... ONLY Y. IF Y UNITED WITH Y... YY... THE RESULTS WERE FEMALE! X WITH Y... XY. MALE! ARTIFICIAL ACTIVATION DOUBLES THE EGG'S SEX CHROMOSOMES... Y TO YY... FEMALE!



IN NINETY-TWO SHORT YEARS, THE LAST MALE DIED OFF AND WE WERE A RACE OF FEMALES... FEMALES REPRODUCING FEMALES. THE MALE BECAME A LEGEND...

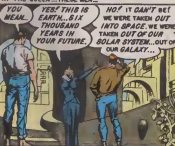


MEANWHILE, WE'D PROGRESSED, WE'D DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF SPACE-FLIGHT... THE SECRET OF TIME-TRAVEL. AND THEN, THE CHEMICAL RAN OUT. THE WELL-GUARDED ATOMIC CRATERS WERE DRAINED DRY. AGAIN, THE RACE FACED EXTINCTION...

OUR EXPLORATIONS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE HAVE TURNED UP NOTHING. THE CHEMICAL WE NEED DOES NOT EXIST ANYWHERE...



THEY'D ENTERED THE CITY NOW! THEY'D STOOD BELOW THE TOWERING GLEAMING SPIRES AND THEY'D LOOKED AT THE QUEEN... THESE MEN...



YOU MEAN... YES! THIS IS EARTH... SIX THOUSAND YEARS IN YOUR FUTURE. NO! IT CAN'T BE! WE WERE TAKEN OUT INTO SPACE. WE WERE TAKEN OUT OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM... OUT OF OUR GALAXY...

NO! WE CANNOT! WE CANNOT DISTURB THE TIME-LINE, IF WE TAKE IT THEN, IT WILL NOT BE THERE FOR LATER USE, AND MOST OF US WOULD SIMPLY VANISH! NO! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!



WHAT ABOUT MEN? MEN FROM BEFORE THE ATOMIC WAR, WE COULD GO BACK FOR THEM. THEY COULD SAVE US! AND THERE'D BE MALES BORN... EVERYTHING WOULD BE NORMAL AGAIN!



THE STATELY QUEEN SMILED...

LONG AGO WE DISCOVERED THAT SPACE AND TIME WERE INTERDEPENDENT. IF YOU WERE TO BE SUDDENLY THROWN BACK IN TIME, NOW... TO YOUR OWN ERA... YOU WOULD END UP HERE... IN SPACE! YOU WOULD BE IN YOUR OWN ERA, YES... BUT EARTH THEN WOULD NOT BE HERE, IN THIS AREA OF THE UNIVERSE, NOT YET! THE SUN... THE GALAXY... THEY ARE ALL CONSTANTLY MOVING. SO... WE MUST FIRST TRAVEL TO WHERE EARTH WILL BE AT A CERTAIN TIME, BEFORE WE CROSS THROUGH TO THAT TIME!





THEN THE **FLYING SAUGERS** ARE ACTUALLY **TIME MACHINES** AND **SPACE-SHIPS**... **DOMBINED**.

**CORRECT!**

**JUST ONE THING, MA'AM WHY DIDN'T YOU SEND THE GIRLS BACK INSTEAD OF KIDNAPPING US?**

**WE DID! BUT THEY WERE TOO SHY TO LAND! THEY WERE AFRAID! NO ONE OF US HAVE EVER SEEN A MAN!**

**SO YOU SENT DOWN A TRAP SHIP... THE ONE WE FELL INTO!**

**YOUR'S IS THE THIRD. THE FIRST CAME BACK WITH A SENILE CORPSE... AN OLD FARMER, WHO DIED ON THE WAY. THE SECOND BROUGHT, OF ALL THE LUCK, TWO NOBBY OLD MAIDS.**



THEY STOPPED BEFORE A GAILY DECORATED BUILDING. THE GEGGLING MOB BEHIND THEM PAUSED, HUSHED. THE OLD QUEEN LOOKED AT THE TWO MEN...

**IT IS UP TO YOU! YOU KNOW THE STORY, NOW. WE CANNOT FORCE YOU TO HELP US! IF YOU WANT TO, WE WILL BE MOST GRATEFUL.**

**LOOK, MA'AM! THAT'S A BIG TWO NORMAL GUYS! I MEAN, OUT THERE!**



THEY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE GAILY DECORATED BUILDING... **RAVEN-HAIRED BEAUTIES** WITH **WHITE ROSES** PINNED IN THEIR HAIR... **BLONDES** WITH **RED ROSES** PINNED IN THEIR HAIR... **RED-HEADS** WITH **YELLOW ROSES** PINNED IN THEIR HAIR. THEY STOOD THERE... TWENTY OR SO... BECKONING...



THE QUEEN CLAPPED HER HANDS...

EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED, YOU **MARTY!** **MAN!** WILL STAY WITH US A MONTH. THESE GIRLS HAVE BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY SELECTED. YOU MAY EACH PICK A BRIDE FROM AMONG THEM.



THE QUEEN CALLED AFTER THEM AS THEY MARCHED INTO THE SCENTED DARKNESS...



**YOU WILL BE RETURNED TO THE SAME MOMENT YOU LEFT EARTH. NO ONE WILL KNOW YOU WERE GONE...**

**WHO CARES!**

**LEAD THE WAY TO YOUR 'PREACHER', BABY!**

THE CHILL BREEZES WERE GONE. EVEN THE EARLY MORNING SUN BEAT DOWN A DAZZLING BAKING BRILLIANCE. THEY TOSSED IN THEIR SLEEPING BAGS... OPENED THEIR EYES...



THEY CRAWLED FROM THEIR SLEEPING BAGS AND STOOD UP, STARING AT EACH OTHER...



THEY SCRAMBLED ACROSS THE SAND... STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE SCORCHED AREA... NOT SPEAKING. FINALLY...



THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, GRINNING SHEEPSHLY...



THEIR GRINS VANISHED...



ONE OF THEM BEGAN TO LAUGH.

WHAT SAY WE GIVE UP THIS PROSPECTING AND GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION FOR A WHILE, MARTY. WE'RE IN A BAD WAY! WHY, WE'RE EVEN DREAMIN' THE SAME STUFF...



WAS IT A DREAM, PHIL? ARE YOU SURE? C'MON! HEY! WAIT UP!



THEY WALKED BACK TO THEIR CAMP AND ARM, AND WHEN THEY REACHED IT, THEIR BLOOD FROZE. THEY HADN'T NOTICED THEM BEFORE... ON THEIR SLEEPING BAGS... PINNED THERE...



YOU SEE! ONLY GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES!—ED.

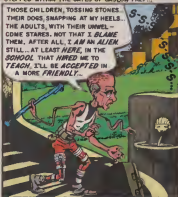
# THE TEACHER FROM MARS

THE AFTERNOON ROCKET EXPRESS TRAIN FROM CHICAGO CAME INTO THE STATION, AND I STEPPED OFF. IT WAS A WARM SPRING DAY. THE LITTLE TOWN OF ELKHART, INDIANA, SPRAWLED LAZILY UNDER THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE. I TRUDGED ALONG QUIET, TREE-SHADED STREETS TOWARD CARLSON PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. BEFORE I HAD EDNE FAR, I WAS DISCOVERED BY THE CHILDREN PLAYING HERE AND THERE. WITH THEIR DOGS, THEY FORMED A SHRILL, RAUCOUS PROCESSION BEHIND ME. SOME OF THE DOGS GROWLED, AS THEY MIGHT AT A WILD ANIMAL. HOUSEWIVES LOOKED FROM THEIR WINDOWS AND GASPED. SO THE RUMORS THEY HAD HEARD WERE TRUE. THE NEW TEACHER AT CARLSON WAS A MARTIAN...



ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY BY  
EANDO BINDER

MY SHOULDERS DROOPED WEARILY FROM THE TUG OF EARTH'S GRAVITY, ALMOST THREE TIMES MORE THAN THAT TO WHICH I WAS CONDITIONED. ONLY MY LEG-BRACES OF LIGHT STRONG METAL KEPT ME FROM BUCKLING UNDER THE STRAIN. I WAS GLAD WHEN I FINALLY STEPPED WITHIN THE GATES OF CARLSON PREP...



THE HISS OF A THOUSAND SNAKES FILLED THE AIR. FOR A MOMENT, I WAS BACK ON MARS, SURROUNDED BY A NEST OF KILLER-SNAKES FROM THE VAST RED DESERTS. I REACTED VIOLENTLY, DROPPING MY BAG... RAISING MY CANE TO BEAT THEM OFF...



A GROUP OF LAUGHING BOYS TROOPED INTO VIEW FROM BEHIND THE STONE WALL. I RELAXED, PANTING. THE HORRIBLE, ICY FEAR DRAINED AWAY. PERHAPS YOU HUMAN BEINGS CAN NEVER QUITE KNOW THE DREAD WE MARTIANS HAVE OF SNAKES...



A GROAN WENT UP. I KNEW WHY. THE MARTIAN LANGUAGE PUTS LATIN TO SHAME IN ITS DIFFICULTY...



DEAN GRAHAM SNAPPED...

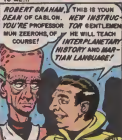
NONSENSE! BESIDES, THE WAR IS OVER. MARTIANS ARE IN THE SPACE PATROL TOO, NOW, SO TO YOUR DORMITORY. PROFESSOR ZEERHOS WILL BEGIN CONDUCTING CLASSES TOMORROW. OSCAR, TAKE THE PROFESSOR'S BAG...



ONE OF THE BOYS STEPPED FORWARD. HE WAS ABOUT SIXTEEN WITH BLUE EYES THAT WERE MOCKING...



IT WAS RATHER A CRUEL RECEPTION, THOUGH MERELY ANOTHER FRANK. AS I WAVED MY TENTACLES IN DISTRESS, HARDLY KNOWING WHAT TO SAY OR DO, A GROWN MAN WITH GRAY HAIR PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH TO ME...



IT WAS TOM BLAINE AGAIN. BEHIND HIM, AN AIR OF HOSTILITY HAD REPLACED THE LESS WORRISOME MOCKERY. DEAN GRAHAM WAS MORE AGHAST THAN I...



OSCAR, THE SCHOOL'S MENIAL ROBOT, OBEDIENTLY STALKED FORWARD PAST THE GRUMBLING BOYS. SOMEHOW, I FELT ALMOST A WARM TIDE OF FRIENDSHIP FOR THE ROBOT. IN HIS MECHANICAL, RUDIMENTARY REFLEX MIND, IT WAS ALL THE SAME TO HIM... MARTIAN OR EARTHMAN, HE MADE NO DISCRIMINATION AGAINST ME, AS THE HUMAN BOYS DID...



ALONE, I ALMOST REGRETTED I HAD COME. BUT TIMES HAD BEEN HARD ON MARS LATELY, WITH SO MANY DUST STORMS RAGING UP AND DOWN THE CANAL REGIONS, WITHERING THE CROPS. THIS POST ON EARTH, THOUGH AT A MEAGER SALARY, WAS BETTER THAN UTTER POVERTY AND STARVATION. I PRAYED...

I NUMBLY BESEECH THEE, FIRST CAUSE, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO CARRY ON IN THIS STRANGE, HOSTILE WORLD...



FRESHENED AFTER A NIGHT'S SLEEP, I ENTERED THE CLASSROOM WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR MY NEW JOB. A HUNDRED COLD, UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCHED ME WITH TERRIFYING INTENSITY...



SO THE HAZING CAMPAIGN WAS STILL ON. NO, I WOULDN'T CORRECT THEM... AFTER ALL, EVEN THE MARTIAN CHILDREN I HAD TAUGHT HAD INVARIABLY TAGGED ME WITH THAT NAME. I SLANCED AROUND THE ROOM, AND MY EYES, PROTECTED BY MY GLARE-REDUCING GLASSES, CAME TO REST ON THE BLACKBOARD...



THE CHALK DRAWING WAS OBVIOUSLY YOUNG TOM BLAINE'S HANDWORK. HIS FATHER CLAIMED ALL MARTIANS TO BE COWARDS AND WEAKLINGS. MY LEATHERY FACE SHOWED LITTLE FEELINGS AS I ERASED THE HUMILIATING SKETCH. IGNORING THE SNICKERS, I BEGAN MY LECTURE...

CIVILIZATION BEGAN ON MARS FIFTY CENTURIES BEFORE THE FIRST SLIMMERINGS OF CIVILIZATION ON EARTH.

SEE FELLOWS? I TOLD YOU HE'D RUB IT IN! PLEASE, SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU BRILLIANT MARTIANS HAD TO WAIT FOR EARTHMEN TO DISCOVER SPACE FLIGHT?



IT WAS TOM BLAINE, INTERRUPTING LOUDLY. I WAS SHOCKED BUT MANAGED TO ANSWER PATIENTLY...

OUR HISTORY HAS BEEN A CONSTANT STRUGGLE AGAINST EXTINCTION. WE RAN OUT OF METALS KEEPING OUR CANALS IN REPAIR. IN FACT, WHEN THE EARTH PIONEERS IMMIGRATED TO MARS, IT WAS ART IN TIME TO PATCH UP OUR CANALS AND STAVE OFF A FAMINE...

AND THAT WAS THE APPRECIATION EARTH GOT... REBELLION.



YOU FORGET, MR. BLAINE, THEY WERE TRAITORS! THAT THE EARTH PIONEERS ON MARS STARTED THE REBELLION AGAINST TAXATION AND A BAD EARTH-GOVERNMENT, AND FOUGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH US...



I HURDLED THE POINT, CONTINUING WITH MY LECTURE...

MARS WON ITS INDEPENDENCE AFTER A NINE YEAR STRUGGLE...

HOT WON! EARTH GRANTED INDEPENDENCE, THOUGH IT COULD HAVE WON EASILY!



I RESUMED QUIETLY...

AT ANY RATE, EARTH AND MARS TODAY ARE AMICABLE AND HAVE FORGOTTEN THE EPISODE...

WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN EVERY TRUE EARTHMAN DESPISES MARTIANS!



MY TENTACLES HUNG LIMP. THIS BOY WAS SO TYPICAL OF THE RACE. HE WAS INTOLERANT... AGGRESSIVE... DETERMINED TO MAKE THINGS SO MISERABLE FOR ME THAT I WOULD QUIT. THERE WOULD BE A TEST OF AUTHORITY...



A BARRAGE OF ERASERS FLEW AT ME. THEY'D BEEN SHEAKED PREVIOUSLY FROM THE BOARDS AROUND THE CLASSROOM. I STOOD HELPLESSLY, DESPERATELY WARDING OFF THE MISSLES WITH MY TENTACLES. THE BOYS WERE YELLING AND HOOTING, EXCITED AT THE SPORT...



SUDDENLY, THE PANDEMONIUM STOPPED AS OSCAR, THE ROBOT, STUMPED INTO THE ROOM. HE SQUAWKED LIKE A PHOTOGRAPH...



I COULD SEE THE BOYS HOLD THEIR BREATHS. IF THIS WERE TO BE REPORTED, THE BOYS WOULD LOSE AN AFTERNOON OF FREEDOM. FOR A MOMENT I WAS TEMPTED TO TAKE REVENGE...



WITH A CLICK OF INTERNAL RELAYS, THE ROBOT LEFT, IMPASSIVELY, YOUNG BLAINE JEERED...



IT WAS MORE THAN GRAVITY THAT MADE MY SHOULDERS SAG. EVEN OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM I WAS HOUNDED...



HOW COULD I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND. FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS ON MARS, THAT PRECIOUS LIQUID HAD BEEN THE OBJECT OF OUR GREATEST INGENUITY. IT HURT TO SEE IT WANTONLY FLUNG AWAY, AS YOU WOULD FLINCH TO SEE BLOOD SHED USELESSLY...



AS I STUMBLED AWAY FROM THE LAUGHTER, I HEARD TOM BLAINE CONFIDING TO HIS GIGGLING COHORTE...



I WASN'T AWARE TILL HALF THROUGH THE SOLITARY EVENING MEAL IN MY ROOM THAT THE FOOD TASTED ODD. IT WAS SALTY. THE BOYS HAD STOLEN INTO THE KITCHEN AND SALTED MY SPECIAL SALT-FREE FOODS...

I WENT TO BED, GRADUATING WITH A SEVERE HEADACHE AND UPSET STOMACH. WORSE, IT RAINED THAT NIGHT AND I LAY AWAKE, LISTENING TO THE MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF WATER GOING TO WASTE, WHILE ON MY HOME WORLD, THIRSTY MARTIANS WERE PAINFULLY HOARDING IT, DROP BY DROP...

IN CLASS THE NEXT MORNING, MY SPECTACLES WERE MISSING. MY EYES WERE ALMOST BLINDED FROM THE GLARE THAT WAS FIFTY PERCENT STRONGER THAN ON MORE REMOTE MARS. WHEN OSCAR APPEARED, I ORDERED...



THEY RANSACKED THE ROOM WITH DELIBERATE BRUTALITY, TOM BLAINE HELD THEM UP IN MOCK TRIUMPH, I TRIED TO SMILE...

I WENT ON AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED, BUT MY WHOLE HEAD ACHED FROM THE HOURS OF STRAINING MY EYES AGAINST THE CRUEL GLARE...

THE SPECIAL TELEVISION SHOW THAT AFTERNOON CONTAINED, AMONG OTHER FEATURES, A RECENT NEWSREEL!



I HEARD YOUNG TOM EXCLAIM PROUDLY TO HIS CLASSMATES AS THEY WATCHED THE CREW CLIMB ABOARD...

AND THEN I LEANED FORWARD TO WATCH THE LAST OF THE MARTIAN MEMBERS OF THE CREW VANISH WITHIN...

THE NEWSREEL ENDED AND CLASSES WERE DISMISSED. I DRAGGED ACROSS THE CAMPUS TO THE HAVEN OF MY ROOMS. I NEEDED REST. AS I OPENED THE DOOR...



A SHRIEK TORE FROM MY THROAT THE INSTANT I SAW IT. A HORRIBLE WRIBBLING SHAKE LAY ON MY BED. A MILLION YEARS OF INSTINCT SCREAMED DANGER... DEATH...



HAW...HAW...

LOOKIT HIM CRINGE!

TOM BLAINE SNATCHED THE SNAKE AND HELD IT UP...

IT'S ONLY A BARTER SNAKE, PROFESSOR! THEY'RE HARMLESS!

CHOKO...YES... YES...



THAT NIGHT, A CRIMSON STAR WINKED DOWN AT ME SOBERLY AND SEEMED TO NOOD IN FITTY, MARS. THERE WAS MY TRUE HOME. HARSH THOUGH ITS CANALS AND DESERT STORMS MIGHT BE, THEY WERE NOT AS HARSH AS THE UNFEELING INHABITANTS OF THIS INCREDIBLY RICH PLANET...



THEY'VE WON! THEY'VE BEATEN ME! I'M COMING HOME! I'M COMING...

I STARTED TO PACK, ANGRY VOICES APPROACHED MY DOOR. THE BOYS BURST IN, LED BY TOM BLAINE.

MURDERER! A MAN WAS STRANGLING IN TOWN TWO HOURS AGO, BY A ROPE... OR A TENTACLE.

LOOK! HE WAS PACKING! HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!



HOW FANTASTIC IT BOUNDED, AND YET, THESE WERE NO MERE BOYS NOW. THEY WERE A BLOOD-LUSTY MOB. ALL THEIR HATE AND MISUNDERSTANDING OF ME HAD COME TO A HEAD. THEY DRAGGED ME OUTSIDE... RIPPED AWAY THE METAL BRACES THAT SUPPORTED MY LEGS... AND FORCED ME TO WALK UP AND DOWN... BACK AND FORTH...



CONFESS! THEN WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE POLICE...

FORGIVE THEM, FIRST CAUSE, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO...

MY ONE HOPELESS COMFORT WAS THAT PRAYER...UTTERED SO LONG AGO BY AN EARTHLY PROPHET WHO BEGGED FOR HIS OWN CHILDREN. WITHOUT THE BRACES, MY WEAK MUSCLES SAGGED UNDER MY WEIGHT. I BECAME A SINGLE MASS OF ACHING FLESH. FINALLY I COLLAPSED TO THE GROUND. BLAINE STOOD OVER ME... KICKED ME...

GET UP, YOU COWARD... YOU MARTIAN COWARD! GET UP!

BLAINE! BLAINE! THEY'VE CAUGHT THE KILLER... A MANIAC WITH A ROPE. HE... HE... WHAT'D YOU GUYS DO? HE... HE'S INNOCENT!



THE CLASS GASPED IN CHORUS THE NEXT MORNING WHEN THEIR MARTIAN PROFESSOR ENTERED QUIETLY, AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND ANNOUNCED...

WE WILL HAVE AN EXAMINATION TODAY. CLEAR YOUR DESKS...



THEY WERE ASTOUNDED THAT I COULD DEFEY THEIR HATE AND SCORN... THAT I COULD COME BACK. THEY DID NOT KNOW OF THE SPACESHIP I'D RECEIVED. EARTH... MARS... IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE NOW. MY WORLD WAS AT AN END...



I LOOKED OUT OVER THEIR BOWED HEADS AS THEY CONJUGATED THE VERB *AWAY*, AND I SUDDENLY FELT HATE FOR THEM. SAVAGELY I HOPED THEY WOULD *FAIL* THEIR EXAMINATIONS...



OSCAR CLANKED OFF. THE BOYS LOOKED UP GLEEPFULLY. THE EXAM WAS RUINED. I SHRUGGED AND DISMISSED THEM. THE CAMPUS WAS FILLED WITH THE ENTIRE SCHOOL FACULTY AND ENROLLMENT...



MAJOR DAWSON, TALL, UNIFORMED, STEPPED FORWARD...

MANY OF YOU BOYS HOPE TO ENTER SPACE POINT SOME DAY, AND JOIN THE PATROL. THIS BULLETIN RECEIVED AN HOUR AGO, DOES HONOR TO SOMEONE HERE! CAPTAIN HENRY BLAINE, IN COMMAND OF PATROL SHIP GREYHOUND, WAS WOUNDED YESTERDAY IN A DARING ROUT OF SPACE-PIRATES...



ALL EYES TURNED TO TOM BLAINE. THE OFFICER HELD UP A RADIUM-COATED MEDAL...THE CROSS OF SPACE...FOR EXTRAORDINARY SERVICE IN THE INTERESTS OF LAW AND ORDER THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM...



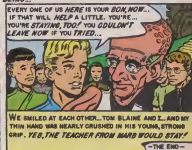
I FOUND MYSELF WATCHING TOM BLAINE. HE'D TAKEN THE SPACEGRAM HE'D STOLEN FROM HIS POCKET AND WAS READING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE'D OBVIOUSLY SEEN IT DELIVERED...SEEN MY ABITATION OVER IT...AND PLANNED TO USE IT AGAINST ME...



THE OFFICER STEPPED FORWARD...BRUSHING PAST BLAINE...STOPPING BEFORE ME...AND PINNING THE GLOWING MEDAL TO MY CHEST...



I WAS AWARE OF SOMEONE AT MY SIDE, SUPPORTING ME, AS MY KNEES BEGAN TO BUCKLE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT MUST HAVE BEEN OSCAR. BUT NO! IT WAS A HUMAN BEING...



WE SMILED AT EACH OTHER...TOM BLAINE AND I...AND MY THIN HAND WAS NEARLY CRUSHED IN HIS YOUNG, STRONG GRIP. YES, THE TEACHER FROM MARS WOULD STAY!

-THE END-

# COSMIC CORRESPONDENCE

We welcome to these pages Dr. deRange, who has been explaining EC SF in a series of popular lectures around the country. It will be the Doctor's duty to answer your letters to this department.



DR. deRANGE IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE, THE MOTION OF HIS MANDIBULUM VELOCIS ARRESTED BY USE OF HIGH SPEED PHOTOGRAPHY.

Dear Mr. Cochran,

I enjoyed WEIRD SF #1 immensely. It's wonderful to see these fifties classics appearing and reappearing on nineties newsstands. I always enjoy a good SF comic yarn, especially when rendered by the pencil of the late, lamented Wally Wood.

"The Children" was an excellent tale with a shocker of a climax, in the fine EC tradition of shocking climaxes. The reader is led to believe that the children are being harbored for sinister political purposes and that within this benign colonized society lurks Orwellian traits. The unexpected climax carried a powerful impact.

I must echo the sentiments expressed in the missive from Stuart Brynien. I grew up watching reruns of "The Twilight Zone" and "The Outer Limits." In the ensuing years network television has consistently failed to produce an SF series remotely approaching the quality and excellence of "Twilight Zone" and "Outer Limits."

Actually, "The Children" brought to mind one of my (many) favorite "Twilight Zone" episodes, "The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street." Like "The Children," "Maple Street" is a well executed, conflict-rich story with a flawlessly unpredictable ending. The viewer is skillfully manipulated into believing that the mass hysteria and panic are irrational reactions to a simple, harmless meteor.

Timothy M. Walters  
Muskegon, MI

Quite astute, young man. A linkage between TV shows and EC comics which has not been verbalized on these pages is the degree of length. A comic book tells its story in short bursts, perhaps trying to convey an entire alien planet and its history in a few panels. A TV show might do the same. It's fun when they fool us by canny selection of what they show!

I cannot bring to mind the "Maple Street" episode of "Zone," and do not have recourse to cable or tape; I will take your word for it.

—Dr DR

Dear Mr. Cochran,

Just received the first issue of WEIRD SF. I have been an EC fan since my teenage days. Believe it or not I actually remember the stories and even the cover of this issue, and that must be at least 38 years ago. I now have subscriptions to all of your re-publications, but WEIRD SCIENCE was always my favorite. I particularly enjoy the artwork of my favorite EC artist, Wally Wood. He seems to have come into his own around this period. Of course Jack Davis and Al Williamson rank way up there also. I look forward to receiving future issues of all the EC mags, and am looking forward to the time you can release the NEW TREND comics in the future. (I already own several of the B&W hardbacks [from the EC Library]). Keep up the good work.

Robert Quici  
Philadelphia, PA

Indeed, I remind our readers Russ Cochran has reprinted the entirety of the EC New Trend and New Direction comics in hardback editions, the story pages are in black and white but the covers are in glorious multi-chrome.

—Dr DR



NEXT ISSUE

Dear Russ,

After all I've read about Krigatein's adaptation of Bradbury's "The Flying Machine", I finally get to see it! It is truly impressive. I've heard that of all the adaptations EC did of Bradbury's work, Mr. Bradbury was most satisfied with this one. He voiced his approval in a letter that was printed in W S-F's letter column. I would be interested in seeing it. Could you run it?

Hoo-hah!

Andy Reynolds  
West Haven, CT

THE LETTER FROM RAY BRADBURY, PRAISING THE ART USED IN THE ADAPTATION OF HIS STORY:



NEXT ISSUE

*... The "Flying Machine" is the finest single piece of art-drawing I've seen in the comics in years. Beautiful work; I was so touched and pleased ...*

*Ray Bradbury  
Los Angeles, Calif.*

Hoo-hah? "Hah" was a 13th century court functionary in Manchuria, that's hoo.

It is my pleasure to run the Bradbury letter, as it appeared in EC's W S-F #25 (which will be our #3). Two things worth noting; the ellipsal indicate it to be an excerpt (wouldn't it be grand to see the entire text!), and the subject of it and several others in the same column was the pro and con of artist Bernie Krigatein's work. Further, one of the other correspondents on that subject was Dan Adkins, later to be a comics/SF artist of considerable repute.

While on the subject of original EC letterheads, I wonder about the relationship which, I assume, links the Evan M. Lanctot of Burlington, VT (whose loc was in Russ Cochran's VAULT #1) with the John Lanctot of the same city who had a loc in EC's W S-F #25 in 1954. —Dr dR

COLONEL WATSON HAD BLASTED MOST SAUCER WITNESSES AS JOKERS, CRACKPOTS, OR PUBLICITY HOUNDS. HIS ACID REMARKS DID MORE HARM THAN GOOD. HONEST, COMPETENT, EFFICIENT AIR FORCE AND AIR LINES PILOTS REACTED IN THIS WAY...



NEXT ISSUE

#### WOW, FOLKS, LOOK AT THIS!

In the 70s, East Coast Comix reprinted 12 EC comics in facsimile form. Certain issues have been harder to get for years now. We have found an EXTREMELY LIMITED quantity of their 3rd thru 10th issues, OFFERED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME!!

In addition, issues 11 and 12 are listed here at the same prices currently on our mail order form.

When ordering please identify as EAST COAST ISSUE # (for example, EAST COAST #3). Add \$2. per order S&H (\$3. outside US).

- #3 (SHOCK #12)
- #5 (WEIRD FANTASY #13)
- #7 (VAULT #26)
- #9 (TWO-FISTED #34)

The above are \$15. each.

- #11 (WEIRD SCIENCE "F12" (F1))
- #12 (SHOCK #2)

The above are \$10. each.

- #4 (HAUNT #12)
- #6 (CRIME #25)
- ~~#8 (SHOCK #4)~~
- #10 (HAUNT #23)

*SORRY -  
#8  
SOLD-OUT!*

Also available this month are HAUNT and CRIME. Watch for CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK next month. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!)

We want letters! Write to:  
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY  
RUSS COCHRAN  
POB 459  
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS  
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY "F24" (#2, 1964)

... For Posterity"  
"The Teacher from Mars"  
"The Pioneer"  
"Upheaval!"

Wally Wood  
Joe Orlando  
Bernie Krigatein  
Al Williamson

Heh, heh! I snuk one of these in (finelli!) in VAULT #2—now here's a second helping of the uplifting literature I call the

## CRYPT-KEEPER'S



### PAGE OF FINE ARTS #2



#### GASTRONOMY

The reeking ghouls gathered for a crescent moon feast, then clewed through moist soil to unearth the fresh beast.

Still spongy and plump from its recent demise, its hideous aspect attracted wide eyes.

Off with the brain cap and out with its tongue; just one subtle tug and away came a lung.

Then into the bowl with the scalp still attached went purulent rot not soon to be matched.

But ghouls have no manners, no napkins, no spoons! They slobbered and sucked and made gurgling tunes.

Like a Vienna Sausage, one toe was devoured while other ghouls fought over brains soft and soured.

Thus sedly, too soon, the corpse was all gone, so those freshly stuffed fiends bedded down right at dawn.

And through festering dreams of carrion worms grew growling fierce hunger for viende more firm.

© 1992 Lisa S. Laurenot  
Sylmer, CA



#### OLD FLAME

There's an old flame  
burning in your eyes.  
I killed him.

Now I hope you realize  
that my love is stronger  
and I will live years longer  
than any old flame  
burning in your eyes.

When you meet the tiger  
stare into its eyes.  
Look proud and stand tall—  
you're about to die!

Lance Johnson  
Des Moines, IA



A FINE line drawing  
by Art Solis (Latin  
for 'sun art') of  
sometimes sunny  
Oakland, CA. Is it  
the Old Witch  
without her hood?  
My mother? YOUR  
mother? No, just  
one of my old  
girlfriends writing  
me a 'Deer John'  
letter.

I can't promise when or where I will appear again, but you should send your contributions for this column to me at the address below. Remember: when we least expect it, CULTURE STRIKES!!

### THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF FINE ARTS

RUSS COCHRAN  
POB 469

WEST PLAINS MO 65775

Guidelines, gang. Don't send us anything you need back. Don't send us anything too big or too long. Don't send us anything you don't want edited. That's all the don'ts.

Do be legible. Do double-space. Do draw bold & black. Do be a do-bee. A do-bee all day long.



# The PIONEER

TODAY WILL BE MY GREATEST TRIUMPH. TODAY I WILL REACH FOR THE STARS, RECOGNIZED AT LAST. YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF ME...PROFESSOR ALEC LATHEN, B.S., PH.D., F.A.C., AND A HOST OF OTHER DEGREES. MY NAME IS A BY-WORD IN THE FIELD OF ROCKET RESEARCH. I WAS THE ONE WHO DEVELOPED THE FUEL USED IN THE V-IS...THE GUIDED MISSILE WHICH REACHED AN ALTITUDE OF 3000 MILES. I WAS THE ONE WHO DESIGNED AND BUILT THE LATHEN ROCKET ENGINE WHICH TODAY WILL CARRY ME INTO SPACE ON MAN'S FIRST TRIP TO THE MOON, AND IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN COLVARD POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, THAT DAY I TESTED A NEW FUEL MIXTURE I'D JUST DEVELOPED. IT WAS SUCH A *MINUTE* QUANTITY, TOO...



LUCKILY, THE STUDENTS ATTENDING MY LAB LECTURE ESCAPED WITH ONLY MINOR SCRATCHES AND BRUISES. I, HOWEVER, WAS NOT AS FORTUNATE. THEY CARRIED ME AWAY ON A STRETCHER...

POOR OLD GUY! HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD.

THINK HE'LL LIVE?

I DON'T SEE NOW! HE WAS RIGHT ON TOP OF THE EXPLOSION.



LONG MONTHS OF HOSPITALIZATION FOLLOWED. BY SOME MIRACLE, I MANAGED TO SURVIVE. DURING MY WEEKS OF IMMOBILITY, LYING ON THAT HOSPITAL BED, MY BRAIN THROBBED WITH ACTIVITY. THE EXPLOSION HAD PERFORMED ONE GOOD THING. IT HAD GIVEN ME THE LEAD TO MY GREATEST DISCOVERY...

OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME NOT TO HAVE REALIZED IT! NURSE! DOCTOR! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

EASY DOES IT, PROFESSOR. YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! YOU'LL BE UP AND AROUND SOON.



AS SOON AS I WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, I REPORTED TO THE UNIVERSITY. THERE WAS SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE...

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK WITH US, ALEC. IT'S... HEH, HEH... BEEN SO QUIET AROUND HERE WHILE YOU WERE LAID UP!

THE EXPLOSION WAS AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, DEAR MILLER. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF RESTRICTING MY ACTIVITIES BECAUSE OF IT!

NO, NOT EXACTLY, LATHEN, BUT YOUR EXPERIMENTS OF LATE HAVE BEEN A LITTLE TOO DANGEROUS FOR A COLLEGE LABORATORY. WE... ER... DON'T WANT TO COURT DISASTER!

I AM A RESPONSIBLE SCIENTIST, DEAR MILLER. YOU NEEDN'T HAVE ANY WORRIES ON THAT SCORE!

I PLUNGED INTO MY RESEARCH WITH THE ZEAL OF A FANATIC. AND AT MY REGULAR CLASSROOM LECTURES, I APPRAISED MY STUDENTS OF MY LATEST THEORIES...

THIS IS THE FORMULA THAT WILL OPEN THE DOOR TO SPACE FOR US. THE STARS WILL BE OUR STEPPING STONES. WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF THE SPACE-TRAVEL ERA.

BETTER WATCH OUT, PROF. NEXT TIME, YOU MIGHT BLOW UP THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY!



MY STUDENTS MOCKED ME. THEY LAUGHED AT ME... INSULTED ME...

GO AHEAD! JEER! THEY JEERED AT GALILEO WHEN HE SAID THAT THE EARTH REVOLVES AROUND THE SUN. THEY LAUGHED AT MATTHEW... NEWTON... EDISON...

MARS, HERE WE COME!



I WAS ENRAGED BY THEIR INDIGNITIES...

YOU'RE A PACK OF IMBECILES... IGNORAMUSES! I CAN MAKE SPACE FLIGHT POSSIBLE, AND YOU REACT LIKE MEDIEVAL INQUISITORS!

GET THE STRAIGHT-JACKET, BOYS!

THE PROF IS OFF HIS TROLLEY...



I LOST CONTROL COMPLETELY...

GET OUT! ALL OF YOU! GET OUT OF MY CLASSROOM. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR STUPID FACES AGAIN! GET OUT!

HEY! YOU THINK THAT EXPLOSION AFFECTED THE OLD CREEP!

G'MON! LET'S GO, BEFORE HE GETS VIOLENT!



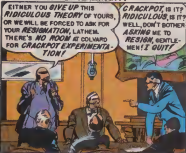
I RAVED AND RANTED AFTER THE CLASSROOM WAS VACATED UNTIL DEAN MILLER CAME AND PUT HIS HAND ON MY SHOULDER...

MORONS! IDIOTS! YOU'LL SEE! I'LL... SHOW... HUH?

YOU WILL REPORT TO MY OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN SHARP, PROFESSOR LATHEN.



THE NEXT DAY, I FACED AN HATE BOARD OF TRUSTEES WHO DELIVERED THEIR ULTIMATUM...



EITHER YOU **GIVE UP** THIS **RIDICULOUS THEORY** OF YOURS, OR WE'LL BE FORCED TO ASK FOR YOUR **RESIGNATION**, LATHEN. THERE'S **NO ROOM** AT COLVARD FOR **CRACKPOT EXPERIMENTATION!**

**CRACKPOT**, IS IT? **RIDICULOUS**, IS IT? WELL, DON'T BOTHER ASKING ME TO **RESIGN**, GENTLEMEN! I **QUIT!**

I FOUND AN OLD DILAPIDATED FARM FOR SALE AND BOUGHT IT THERE WAS A HUGE OLD BARN ON THE PROPERTY...



**PERFECT!** JUST THE **PLACE** FOR MY **LABORATORY WORKSHOP**... NO **MADDENING DISTRACTIONS**... NO **MORNING SNOOZING STUDENTS**... NO **PRYING FACULTY**.

THAT NIGHT, I WITHDREW MY LIFE'S SAVINGS FROM MY ACCOUNT, AND LEFT COLVARD FOR GOOD...



THE DAY WILL COME WHEN THEY WILL COME **CRAWLING** TO ME, ASKING **FORGIVENESS**, **BEGGING** ME TO **RETURN**. I'LL SHOW THEM. I'LL **PROVE** TO THE WORLD THAT **SPACE FLIGHT** CAN BE **OURS** IN THIS ERA... AND... **SOB**... I'LL DO IT **ALONE**...

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, THE OLD BARN WAS SOON TRANSFORMED INTO A WELL-EQUIPPED EXPERIMENTAL LAB. TRUCKS CAME AND WENT, DELIVERING MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT I'D ORDERED. I SPENT EVERY DIME I HAD SAVED...



WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS CONTRAPTION, PROFESSOR?

PUT IT HERE, NEAR THE WINDOW! AND, YOU! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT **CENTRIFUGE!**

I SET TO WORK. I DESIGNED AND REDESIGNED... BLUE-PRINTED AND RE-BLUEPRINTED... AND SLOWLY, MY DREAM BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE... MY CROWNING GLORY... THE LATHEN ROCKET ENGINE...



**HOWDY**, STRANGER. WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE **BUILDIN'**? SOME NEW-**FANGLED MILKIN'** MACHINE?

WHO... WHO ARE YOU? **SO AWAY!**

THE NAME'S **JENKINS**, STRANGER. I LIVE DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE. SAY, THIS SURE IS A **STRANGE LOOKIN' BARN!**

I'M NOT A **FARMER**, MR. **JENKINS**! I'M A **SCIENTIST!** AND NOW, IF YOU'LL **PLEASE LEAVE** THE WAY YOU CAME IN...



HEY, YOU AIN'T **BUILDIN'** ONE O' THEM **A-TOXIC BOMBS**, ARE YUH? FOLKS 'ROUND HERE **WILLN'T** LIKE THAT. SHUCKS, IF NIT WENT OFF, THE **LIVESTOCK**...

I'M NOT **BUILDIN'** AN **ATOMIC BOMB**, MR. **JENKINS**, AND I WOULD **APPRECIATE** IT IF YOU WOULD **STOP BOTHERING** ME. I'M A **BUSY MAN!**



THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIRAM JENKINS. HE WAS A HDSEY DLD FOOL. HE KEPT COMING AROUND AND ANNOYING ME AFTER THAT, INTERRUPTING MY WORK...



WELL, BUST MY BRITCHES! WHAT IN TARNATION IS THAT THING? IT SHOR' LOOKS QUEER!

I CAN'T TELL YOU, MR. JENKINS! IT'S SECRET WORK. NOW, PLEASE GO...



YOU A SPY? YOU A COMMUNIST?

NO! NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE! CAN'T YOU SEE I WANT TO BE LEFT ALDNE?



YOU AIN'T ACTIN' VERY NEIGHBORLY, STRANGER! MAYBE GONSTABLE DOORAN MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!

WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU PROMISE TO KEEP IT A SECRET! I'M... BUILDING A ROCKET-SHIP ENGINE!

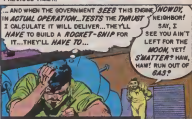
I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HE LAUGHED AT ME! LIKE MY STUDENTS THE DAY BEFORE I RESIGNED...



ROCKET-SHIPS! HAW, HAW! SAY, THAT'S KID STUFF! YOU... YOU FEELIN' ALL RIGHT, STRANGER? ROCKET-SHIPS! HAW, HAW...

GET OUT OF HERE, JENKINS! GET OUT THIS MINUTE! IF YOU EVER COME BACK HERE AGAIN, I'LL KILL YOU!

HE GOT OUT, BUT JENKINS WAS A STUBBORN MAN... NOT EASILY DETERRED. MEANWHILE, BETWEEN HIS IRRITATING VISITS, I WORKED FEVERISHLY ON THE ENGINE. I SLEPT ONLY IN SNATCHES. I COULDN'T AFFORD TO WASTE THE PRECIOUS TIME...



...AND WHEN THE GOVERNMENT SEES THIS ENGINE IN ACTUAL OPERATION... TESTS THE THRUST I CALCULATE IT WILL DELIVER... THEY'LL HAVE TO BUILD A ROCKET-SHIP FOR IT... THEY'LL HAVE TO...

NOW, NEIGHBOR! SAY, I SEE YOU AIN'T LEFT FOR THE MOON, YET! S'MATTER? HAW, HAW! RUN OUT OF GAS?

JENKINS' LAST VISIT CAME JUST AS I'D PLACED A SMALL AMOUNT OF MY SPECIAL ROCKET FUEL INTO THE NEWLY COMPLETED ROCKET ENGINE'S FIRING CHAMBER. I SAY IT WAS HIS LAST VISIT, BECAUSE AS HE STOOD THERE LAUGHING AND JEERING, I LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF. I SAW RED. MY BLOOD POUNDED IN MY HEAD...



GET A HORSE! HAW, HAW! THAT THING I LOOKS LIKE A STANLEY STEAMER!

I... CHOKED... I WARNED YOU, JENKINS!

I PRESSED THE FIRING SWITCH. THE FUEL IGNITED. THE ENGINE ROARED. JENKINS WAS STANDING IN EXACTLY THE RIGHT SPOT...



HE WAS INSTANTANEOUSLY BURNED TO A CRISP...



I STOOD OVER JENKINS' CHARRED AND SMOKING CORPSE, TREMBLING LIKE A SCARED RABBIT...NOT BECAUSE OF WHAT I'D DONE TO HIM, BUT BECAUSE OF THE EXCITEMENT OF SUCCESS...



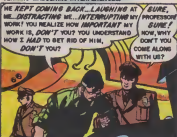
I STARTED TO LAUGH. THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE STILL REVERBERATED AND ECHOED THROUGH THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE...



AND THEN, I HAD NEW VISITORS. THE NOISE OF THE ROCKET EXHAUST HAD BROUGHT THEM...



THE STATE TROOPERS SEEMED SYMPATHETIC WHEN I TOLD THEM OF THE TORTURES I'D SUFFERED FROM JENKINS' MADDENING INTERFERENCE...



THE TROOPERS WERE RIGHT. THE GOVERNMENT *HAS* INTERESTED. A GREAT SCIENTIFIC BODY LISTENED IN STUNNED SILENCE TO MY ELOQUENT ACCOUNT OF MY IMPORTANT WORK...



THEY LED ME OUT TO THEIR CAR. I OBJECTED, BUT THEY PUT MY MIND AT REST...



AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I WAS WELL GUARDED. IT WAS UNDERSTANDABLE. THE GOVERNMENT HAD A VALUABLE MIND WORKING FOR THEM. THEY COULDN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ME FALL INTO THE HANDS OF ENEMY AGENTS...



FROM MY WELL-GUARDED LIVING QUARTERS, I PERIODICALLY SENT LAST MINUTE CALCULATIONS TO THE LAUNCHING SITE, ORDERING THAT THEY BE INCLUDED IN THE ROCKET-SHIP DESIGN.



TODAY...LAUNCHING DAY...DAMNED BRIGHT AND CLEAR. A LITTLE WHILE AGO, I WAS PETED WELL. EVERYONE CAME TO SEE ME OFF. A PRIEST WAS THERE, BLESSING MY SAFE VOYAGE. I ATE A HEARTY MEAL...



AND NOW, MY HOUR OF TRIUMPH HAS ARRIVED. ZERO HOUR MINUS FIVE. THEY'RE LEADING ME DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO OPERATIONS. THE SHIP IS WAITING. THE LATHEN ROCKET ENGINE INSIDE IT...WAITING TO CARRY ME TO THE STARS...



THE MOMENT THAT I'VE WAITED FOR SO LONG HAS ARRIVED. MY ASSISTANTS ARE STRAPPING ME INTO MY SHOCK-COUCH, PLACING MY CRASH HELMET ON MY HEAD, ADJUSTING MY PRESSURE SUIT...



A THRILL SURGES THROUGH ME. I AM GOING TO BE THE FIRST MAN TO HURTLE UPWARD ACROSS THE VAST GULF OF UNCHARTED SPACE. I CAN SEE THE SHIP IN WHICH I SIT, ROARING SKYWARD, STARGROUND...



NOW, IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE CONTROL ROOM, I SEE MY CHIEF TECHNICIAN REACH FOR THE TAKE-OFF SWITCH, COUNTING OFF THE SECONDS. THEN...



I FEEL THE AGONY OF TAKE-OFF... THE ELECTRIFYING PRESSURE OF RINE S'S...THE BLINDING ECSTASY SWEEP THROUGH ME AS I REACH FOR THE MOON...



HE'S... DEAD, WARDEN. SENTENCE HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT, GENTLEMEN. YOU MAY SAY THAT PROFESSOR ALEG LATHEN WAS PUT TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF HIRAM JENKING BY BEING ELECTROCUTED ON JANUARY 17, 1954 AT 11:30 P.M. THANK YOU. GOOD NIGHT.



# UPHEAVAL!

THE SHIP WAS FROM EARTH...SLEEK AND SHINING AND PROUD...THE MOST RECENT ADDITION TO THE GALACTIC EXPLORATION FLEET. SHE HAD HURTLÉD BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE INFINITE VOID ON THIS HER MAIDEN VOYAGE, PROBING INTO VAST UNCHARTED STAR SYSTEMS, STOPPING AT STRANGE PLANETS, CARRYING THE MEN WITHIN HER GLEAMING ALLOY HULL ON ANOTHER FUTILE SEARCH THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. EVEN NOW, AS THE GREENISH GLOB ON HER TELESCOPIC SCREEN GREW LARGER AND LARGER, THE MEN GATHERED BEFORE IT SHOOK THEIR HEADS AND SHRUGGED...

IT'S NO USE, CAPTAIN. SEE? THERE'S NO ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION SPECKS IN THE DARK SIDE. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DUD TO ME!

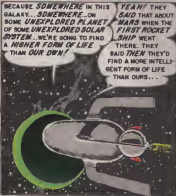
WE'LL TAKE A LOOK, ANYHOW!

WHY BOTHER, CAPTAIN?

WHAT'LL WE FIND? A FEW UNINTELLIGENT BEES? WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP AND GO HOME?

BECAUSE SOMEWHERE IN THIS GALAXY...SOMEWHERE...ON SOME UNEXPLORED PLANET OF SOME UNEXPLORED SOLAR SYSTEM...WE'RE GOING TO FIND A HIGHER FORM OF LIFE THAN OUR OWN!

YEAH! THEY SAID THAT ABOUT MARS WHEN THE FIRST ROCKET SHIP WENT THERE. THEY SAID THEN THEY'D FIND A MORE INTELLIGENT FORM OF LIFE THAN OURS...



BUT WHAT DID THEY FIND? SAND! RED SAND AND SOME STRANGE FOLIAGE AND A FEW SICKLY LIZARD-LIKE THINGS.

AND IT'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE...WHEREVER WE WENT! SAY MAN IS THE ULTIMATE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE LIFE FORM, AND EARTH IS THE ONLY PLANET THAT HAS IT!



AL  
WILLIAMS  
1954

THE CAPTAIN SMILED AND TURNED TO THE TELERADAR SCREEN.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, CRIPES, DEVERS. PERHAPS WE'LL CAPTAIN! NEVER FIND ANYTHING IF THERE BETTER THAN MAN. WERE A BUT THAT'S OUR JOB... TO TRY!

HIGHER FORM OF LIFE THAN MAN, WOULDNT WE HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT BY NOW?

WOULDN'T THEY HAVE EVOLVED FASTER THAN US DEVELOPED SPACE TRAVEL LONG BEFORE US, AND COME LOOKING FOR US INSTEAD OF US FOR THEM?

HOW DO WE KNOW THEY DIDN'T, DEVERS?

THE CAPTAIN'S RIGHT, DEVERS. REMEMBER READING ABOUT THOSE FLYING SAUGER SIGHTINGS WAY BACK IN THE MIDDLE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

THEY WERE PHONIED AND YOU KNOW IT! ONCE THE AIR FORCE EXPOSED THEM, THEY WERE NEVER SIGHTED AGAIN.



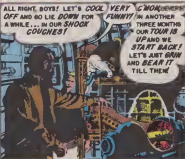
MAYBE THEY'D BEEN ENOUGH, DEVERS?

AND MAYBE I'VE SEEN ENOUGH AFTER SHUTTTLING ALL OVER CREATION FOR FOUR YEARS. I SAY MAN IS THE ULTIMATE AND WE OUGHT TO ACCEPT IT!

NOW ENTERING GRAY-FIELD!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! LET'S COOL VERY OFF AND GO LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE... IN OUR SNOOK COUGHES!

G'NONE! IN ANOTHER THREE MONTHS OUR TOUR IS UP AND WE START BACK! LET'S JUST GRIN AND BEAR IT TILL THEN!



THE MEN SCURRIED ABOUT WITHIN THE GLEAMING HULL OF THE NEW SHIP, SETTING AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, STRAPPING IN, READYING THEMSELVES FOR ANOTHER LANDING... NOW AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR EXPERIENCE...

THE GREEN SPHERE SWIFT UPWARD AT THEM, THE SHIP SWUNG GENTLY, REVERSING HER DIRECTION UNTIL SHE PLUNGED, TAIL-FIRST, TOWARD ITS ALIEN SURFACE. THEN...

GYRO...ON!

POWER-PLANT...ON!

INSTRUMENT LANDING CONTROL...ON!

HERE WE GO!

LETTING DOWN!

ROCKETS ON AND BLASTING!



SHE STOOD PROUDLY, SLEEK AND SHINY, IN THE CENTER OF THE SCORCHED AREA SHE'D BURNED INTO THE ALIEN PLANET'S GREEN TERRAIN...THE PRODUCT OF A MILLION YEARS OF MAN'S EVOLUTION FROM THE PRIMITIVE. AND THE MEN INSIDE HER HULL PEERED THROUGH THE CRYSTAL PORTS AND SHOOK THEIR HEADS...



THE TREMOR CEASED. THE SHIP STOPPED VIBRATING. THE MEN GOT TO THEIR FEET...



THE BLUE-GRAY CLOUD OF ROCKET EXHAUST DRIFTED OFF, BREAKING UP INTO FINE WHISPS AS THE GENTLE ALIEN BREEZE FANNED THROUGH IT. FAR AWAY THERE WAS A DEEP RUMBLE...



SUDDENLY, THE GROUND BENEATH THE SHIP BEGAN TO TREMBLE. THE SHIP SHOOK VIOLENTLY, THROWING THE MEN INSIDE HER TO THE ALLOY DECK PLATES...



THEY CLIMBED FROM THEIR SHIP, ONE BY ONE...THE PINNACLES OF THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS...THE MEN...



THEY CROSSED THE SPONGEY GREEN PLAIN AND TURNED TO STUDY THEIR SHIP STANDING LIKE A SILVER MONUMENT TO MAN'S ACHIEVEMENT...



THE FUZZY GREEN PLAIN UPON WHICH THEY STOOD BEGAN TO UNDULATE...TO RIPPLE AND FLOW AS IF IT HAD SUDDENLY TURNED TO LIQUID...



IT WAS AS IF A GREAT MOUTH HAD OPENED BELOW THE SILVER METAL GIANT. AS THE SPEECHLESS EPITOMES OF GALACTIC LIFE WATCHED IN HORROR, THE SHIP SUNK SLOWLY BELOW THE FLOWING, QUIVERING GREEN SURFACE OF THE PLAIN...



AND WHEN THE SHIP HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE PLAIN HAD STOPPED ITS SICKENING GYRATIONS, THESE TOP RUNGS IN THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER BEGAN TO RUN TO RUN LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS TO THE SPOT WHERE SHE HAD VANISHED SO SUDDENLY...



THEY STOOD THERE HELPLESSLY, PROBING DEEP INTO THE RECESSES OF THEIR HIGHLY DEVELOPED BRAINS, SEARCHING FOR THE SOLUTION TO THEIR DILEMMA, TRYING TO FERRET OUT SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN INFORMATION GATHERED THROUGH THE EVOLUTIONARY EONS THAT COULD RESCUE THEM FROM THEIR FATE NOW...



THEY WERE LIKE CHILDREN FROLICKING IN THE SAND OF AN EARTH-BEACH, DIGGING FURIOUSLY WITH THEIR HANDS...



THEY TORE INTO THE SOFT GREEN PUZZ, RIPPING INTO THE SPONGEY SURFACE OF THE PLANET, GOUGING OUT HUGE CHUNKS OF POROUS MATTER, AND THEN...



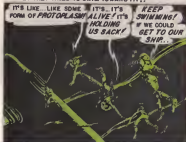
IT WAS AS IF THE SOFT GROUND BENEATH THEIR FEET JUST SIMPLY MELTED. THEY SUNK, SCREAMING INTO THE BILIOUS DEPTHS BENEATH.



DOWN...DOWN...INTO GREEN LIQUID DARKNESS...TWISTING...TURNING...



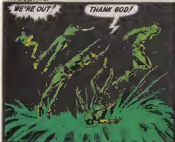
THE SHIP FLOATED LAZILY BELOW THEM IN THE GREEN SLIME. THEY TRIED TO SWIM TOWARD IT...



SUDDENLY THE BILIOUS DEPTHS RUMBLLED, THE LIQUID GREEN DARKNESS CLOSED IN AROUND THEM, PRESSING... PRESSING...



THEY SHOT UPWARD, THESE ULTIMATE LIFE FORMS... UPWARD TOWARD THE FUZZY SURFACE... EXPLODING THROUGH IT...



THEY FELL BACK TO THE SOFT SPONGEY GROUND, UNHURT, THE SHIP CAME NEXT...



THE SHIP STOOD NEARBY, DRIPPING GREEN FROM ITS GLEAMING HULL. THE SURFACE OF THE PLAIN RUM-BLED AND UNDLATED.



THEY SCAMPERED ACROSS THE RIPPLING BELCHING TERRAIN...



...AND INTO THE OUVERING SHIP...

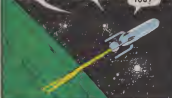


THE SHIP WAS FROM EARTH... SLEEK AND SHINING... THE PRODUCT OF A MILLION YEARS OF BRAIN WORK AND BOOY SWEAT, IT ROARED UPWARD FROM THE GREEN PLANET...

WHEN! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS, SURE!

WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY!

HAD ENOUGH, CAPTAIN? DOESN'T THIS CONVINCE YOU?



THE CAPTAIN STARED AT THE GREENISH BLOB FADING AWAY ON THE TELERADAR SCREEN...

YES! I'M CONVINCED, DEVERS! SET COURSE 90° VERTICAL, 70° HORIZONTAL!

BUT THAT ISN'T THE COURSE FOR EARTH, CAPTAIN!

THAT'S OUTWARD... FURTHER OUTWARD!



THE CAPTAIN NODDED...

I KNOW, DEVERS! I SAID I WAS CONVINCED!

BUT IF YOU BELIEVE MAN IS THE ULTIMATE FORM OF LIFE, WHY GO ON LOOKING IN VAIN...



I MEANT I WAS CONVINCED THAT WE'D FIND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR, DEVERS. I DON'T BELIEVE MAN IS THE ULTIMATE FORM OF EVOLUTIONARY LIFE NOW... AND THAT PLANET CONVINCED ME!

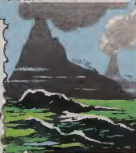
THAT... THAT STINKING SWAMP-GLOBE NOW!?



THAT 'STINKING SWAMP-GLOBE,' AS YOU PUT IT, WAS A LIVING CREATURE, DEVERS... A HIGHER FORM OF LIFE THAN OURS... MUCH HIGHER!



'WHEN EARTH WAS FLUNG FROM ITS SUN AND SPUN AND COOLED AND SIMPLE LIFE BEGAN TO FORM IN ITS SEAS...'



'...THE LIFE-FORMS CRAWLED OUT ONTO ITS SURFACE, TO LIVE LIKE PARASITES.'





'THE DINOSAUR...THE LIZARD...THE BIRD...THE FISH...  
EVOLVED FROM THAT PARASITE LIFE...FED UPON ITS  
PLANET HOME...'



'AND MAN, WHEN HE EVOLVED, TOO, WAS A PARASITE LIVING  
OFF THE OTHER PARASITES...'



THE CAPTAIN SMILED AT THE DISAPPEARING BLOB ON THE DARK SCREEN...

BUT ON THAT PLANET, LIFE  
EVOLVED AS AN INTEGRAL PART  
OF IT...DEVELOPED UNTIL THE  
WHOLE PLANET BECAME ONE  
LIVING BREATHING LIFE-  
FORM...



...AND TURNED TO LIEUTENANT  
DEVERS...

SO FORGET ABOUT YOUR IDEAS  
THAT MAN IS THE PINNACLE  
OF THE EVOLUTIONARY  
STRUCTURE, DEVERS!  
BECAUSE...



...IT'S NOT TRUE AND THAT  
PLANET KNEW IT! IT SENSED  
IT! THAT PLANET JUST SUBJECTED  
US ALL TO THE WORST INSULT  
OF OUR LIVES...



THE MEN STUDIED THEIR CAPTAIN CURIOUSLY...

INSULT, CAPTAIN?

NOW, CAPTAIN?



THE SHIP HURTTLED THROUGH THE BLACK VOID TOWARD HER NEXT  
OBJECTIVE. INSIDE, THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE WAS JUST A WHISPER...

THAT PLANET, GENTLEMEN, JUST VOMITED US UP!



THE END



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